

Blighted Buds.  
To Mr. and Mrs. A. J. PRELTER,  
Hamburg, S. C.  
Affectionately dedicated to the memory of  
three little children:  
WILLIE, MAMIE AND ANTOINE.  
Three little buds were blossoming,  
Upon one parent stem,  
To mother's heart more precious far,  
Than brightest golden gem;  
Many the passer-by who paused  
To view those flowerets rare,  
And with admiring glances saw  
Three beauties, each so fair.  
They seemed too beautiful for earth,  
And we, who've loved too well,  
Some earthly idol—who have heard,  
With breaking hearts, the knell  
That tolled their early doom—have learned  
Those flowers the soonest die  
Which are most sweet and beautiful—  
Oh! breaking heart, tell why.  
This earth's too full of cruel thorns,  
For things so fair and frail;  
At the first touch of Autumn's breath,  
The roses petals pale;  
The buds are half their leaves unfold,  
By chilling winds are riven  
From the fond parent stem, but Oh!  
Thank God! to bloom in Heaven!  
Willie, our blue-eyed child, where  
Art thou, that bleak old night?  
The winter wind goes howling by,  
And tears with fierce delight  
The Autumn leaves—to scatter them  
Alas! upon thy grave,  
Where love's last gift, pale winter flowers  
Above thee sadly wave.  
Thou wert the first to pass away,  
Our meek-eyed fair-haired boy;  
We buried in thy early grave  
Much of life's hope and joy.  
Two fleeting summers thou didst glad  
Our home with laugh and song;  
Some day we'll clasp thee once again,  
Oh! may it not be long.  
Ere yet the hand of time had dried  
The better falling tear  
That fell for thee—we stood around  
Our Mamie's early bier.  
A few short hours in silent grief,  
We stood beside her bed;  
To catch each flickering breath—and then  
We knew our Darling dead!  
So gently ebb'd her life away,  
We scarce believed the error  
Of those who said: "The death-strands  
Her dark and sparkling eyes."  
The little heart so full of love,  
Trabbed faint, then ceased to beat;  
And then another sacrifice  
We laid at Jesus' feet.  
Above her lifeless form we gasped:  
"This is enough, just God—  
Our darling Willie sleeps beneath  
The ice-cold winter's sod;  
And lovely Mamie too how pale  
And still and cold she lies;  
Be satisfied, oh plying God,  
With this last sacrifice.  
But oh! how vain the anguish prayer,  
They who have stood above  
The coffin lid, that hid from sight  
Their air of earthly love,  
Alone can tell, with quivering lips,  
Ere one short month had fled,  
Death claimed sweet little Willie too—  
Now all sleep with the dead.  
Lovely Willie! Death has set its signet on thy  
precious brow—  
Oh! who can tell the father's grief, the mother's  
woe?  
Our Willie, dear, that little form so pure, so bright,  
Now shines forever in celestial light.  
Fair Mamie! Your father's pride, your mother's  
joy—  
Oh! can it be that we shall hear thy sweet voice  
no more?  
Those winning smiles—her gentleness—  
Our love we did adore;  
In childhood's innocence she lived  
Around our hearts so even—  
A gem of perfect loveliness  
Transferred from earth to shine in Heaven.  
Precious Willie!—the little bud—  
Had scarcely blown,  
When to his Saviour's sweet embrace,  
Was turned, our bright-eyed little Willie's face;  
Now in robes of white and silken gown,  
He sits, triumphant, in our Saviour's crown.  
Thou'st seen the parent bird return  
To find an empty nest;  
Hast heard the piercing cry that rings  
Forth from her aching breast;  
Ah! fancy then the mother's heart,  
When all her babes are gone;  
The father's agony, to think  
"Of all, death left me none."  
One month—one little month ago—  
No happier home than ours;  
Our hearts were filled with happiness,  
Our garden full of flowers.  
But Autumn, bearing Death's chill breath,  
Swopt o'er the blooming bed,  
And one by one the frail buds dropped,  
And one by one lay dead.  
Now desolation reigns where once  
Sweet baby laughter gushed;  
Those patterling feet are silent now—  
Each warbling voice is hushed;  
Three blighted buds! three new made graves!  
A darkened home at even,  
Morn, noon and night—but oh! blessed  
thought,  
Three Angels more in Heaven.  
ONE WHO LOVED THEM.  
Dec. 14th, 1864.

The Evacuation of Savannah.  
Authentic intelligence received Wednesday  
states that Savannah was successfully evacu-  
ated Tuesday night. All our troops were  
brought out safely. General Hardee and  
Staff had arrived at Hardeeville.  
We have very little details of the evacu-  
ation.

The news in relation to our iron clads is  
contradictory, but it is generally believed they  
were blown up to prevent their falling into  
the hands of the enemy.

About thirteen locomotives in the work-  
shops of the Central Rail Road at Savannah  
were destroyed.

Passengers report that Kilpatrick's cavalry  
had gone in the direction of Thomasville.

There was heavy fighting around the lines  
at Savannah on Monday and Tuesday. The  
enemy made several assaults, but were each  
time repulsed with considerable loss.

It was reported that the enemy on Tuesday  
succeeded in cutting our communications at  
Scriven's Ferry, but that it was subsequently  
re-established.

Wheeler's cavalry had been stationed to  
guard the ferry, and it was reported had  
driven them off. Only a small force of  
Slocum's Yankee corps was believed to be  
on this side of the Savannah river. The  
main body of the enemy, however, were in  
front of our interior lines around the city—  
Charleston Courier.

From SAVANNAH.—A gentleman arrived in  
our city Saturday who left Savannah on  
Wednesday. Everything was quiet up to  
that time.

Gen. Slocum marched in on Wednesday  
morning at the head of about three hundred  
men and posted guards around to protect the  
property.

No outrages had been committed.  
It is thought that Gen. Sherman will not  
permit his army to go into the city.

It is said that Sherman intends to request  
all residents to take the oath of allegiance.  
Those who do so, will be allowed to remain,  
and their property will be respected. Those  
who refuse to do so, will be compelled to  
leave, and their property will be confiscated.

It was thought by some that the rice and  
cotton stored in the city would be taken pos-  
session in the name of the United States gov-  
ernment, and receipts given therefor.

The residents of Savannah did not expect  
that the city would be captured. They were  
totally unprepared for such a result. But very  
few of them succeeded in getting away. Those  
who did were obliged to leave most of their  
effect behind.

The best order was maintained throughout  
the entire siege. All the whiskey was locked  
up. The stills were all seized by the au-  
thorities. The four local companies were  
assigned to police duty and kept law break-  
ers quiet.

One or two small fires occurred but little  
property however was damaged.

All the rice on the plantations in the vi-  
cinity of the city fell into the hands of the  
Yankees. Some estimate the amount to  
five hundred thousand bushels.

The Confederate Government succeeded in  
removing most of its stores. The main  
loss sustained by it was the loss of the siege  
guns about the place, and the gun boats.

One report is that all the gun boats were  
blown up, to prevent them falling into the  
hands of the enemy. Some believe, how-  
ever, that the fondage succeeded in making her  
way up the river.

Bad is True.—A gentleman from Savan-  
nah says that some of our troops when leav-  
ing broke open stores, and helped themselves  
to everything they saw, carrying away what  
they fancied, and wantonly destroying much  
property they could not remove.

We hope that our informant has been mis-  
informed. We are loth to believe such things.  
KILPATRICK OF THE WING.—It is stated  
that Kilpatrick with ten thousand cavalry  
has started on a raid towards South Western  
Georgia. We trust the report is incorrect.  
If South Western Georgia is laid waste, we  
shall be in some trouble.

Both of the printing offices in the city fell  
into the hands of the Yankees. We are in-  
formed both editors left before capitulation.—  
Augusta Chronicle.

#### Latest Northern News.

RICHMOND, December 22.—Northern pa-  
pers of the 21st, including the evening edition  
of the Baltimore American, have been receiv-  
ed. The latest official despatches from Thom-  
as, dated near Spring Hill, Sunday, say the  
enemy have been vigorously pursued, but has  
studiously avoided any attack. He finds,  
upon receiving more correct reports of the  
operations of the 16th, that Major-General  
Edward Johnson's division, with all his brigade  
commanders, were captured in the works,  
besides destroying a brigade of the enemy's  
cavalry, and capturing its commander, Brig.  
Gen. Kueker. Gen. Quarles was wounded  
and is a prisoner.  
An unofficial telegram from Nashville, dat-  
ed the 18th, says the rains are so heavy to-  
day, little progress has been made. Forrest  
commands the enemy's rear guard.  
Lincoln has ordered a draft for three hun-  
dred thousand troops.  
In the Senate, on Monday, Mr. Doolittle  
introduced a resolution, authorizing the  
President to expend \$10,000,000 to build for-  
tifications for the protection of the frontier.  
The discussion revealed the fact that Sumner,  
the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign  
Affairs, to which the subject was finally re-  
ferred, is decidedly conservative in his views  
of the difficulty with Canada.

A fight between British and Yankee sailors  
took place in Norfolk, on Wednesday.  
Gold, on the 20th, opened at 222.  
RICHMOND, Dec. 22.—Northern papers of  
the 21st have been received.

The official telegram represents  
the crossing of the river, Major Gen.

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Defence.  
In many attempts very lately in  
to organize a company, and perfect some  
plan for home defence—and for internal  
police &c. As yet however nothing has come of  
these attempts. This is not as it should be; not  
by any means. The times are troublous, and  
becoming every day more so. As long as the  
war lasts, we need arms for nothing else. In  
such times, we believe it to be the duty of the  
people in every town and city to organize and  
arm themselves for local defence. The Companies,  
formed for such purpose may never be called  
upon to meet an enemy, either from abroad or  
from our own midst, but in view of the bold raids  
and the wholesale straggling which are now the  
order of the day, it will not be safe to predict  
that any given place will certainly escape visita-  
tion. It is only by timely and efficient organiza-  
tion that these raids and this straggling can be  
successfully met, if not prevented. There is ma-  
terial enough in this town, and other places of  
equal size, to form a large and strong company,  
for local defence and internal police. There are  
dozens of able-bodied men not in Confederate  
service who can and ought to join such a Com-  
pany themselves, and lend their utmost influence  
to induce others to join. We can do nothing  
without organization; and we hope that the  
Chairman of the late meeting will call still another  
meeting, that the able report of the Committee  
of the late meeting will be duly considered, and  
our leading citizens will make a long pull and a  
strong pull, and still carry this thing through to  
a successful and efficient end.

## THE ADVERTISER.

JAMES T. BACON, EDITOR.  
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 28, 1864.

\$10 per Annum.  
From and after the 1st December, the subscrip-  
tion price to the Advertiser will be Ten Dollars  
PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. Those who prefer  
to pay in provisions at old prices, can have the  
Advertiser at One Dollar per year.

Fair Warning.  
All persons indebted for a description to the  
Advertiser are notified that no paper will be sent  
after the 1st January next unless paid for in ad-  
vance. These in arrears will therefore please  
take due notice, and act accordingly.

Personal.  
PAUL HAYNE, the famous poet and litterateur, of  
whom the South—and particularly South Caro-  
lina—is, and may well be, proud, is at present on  
a visit to Edgefield—enjoying the hospitality of  
his kinsman, Ex-Gov. PICKENS.

1st Regiment, S. C. M.  
This Regiment, now stationed at Tullahoma  
Tennessee, near Hardeeville, has been organized by  
the election of the following gentlemen: JAS. B.  
GRIFFIN, Colonel; B. Z. HANCOCK, Lieut. Colo-  
nel, and S. A. DICK, Major.

#### Savannah Evacuated.

On Tuesday night, the 20th, Savannah was  
successfully evacuated, and on the next morning  
was taken possession of by a portion of Gen.  
SHERMAN'S army. There is no telling the next  
move our malignant foe may take; but the day  
of Carolina's trial is certainly near at hand. Let  
us prepare for the onset, and resolve to die free-  
men rather than live slaves.

#### The Advertiser Growing Old.

The present issue of the Advertiser makes the  
first number of the Thirtieth Volume; or in  
other words, the Advertiser is entering upon its  
thirtieth year. "Time steals on us and steals  
from us." So said of men and women; but not  
of wine—nor necessarily of newspapers. Time is  
stealing on the Advertiser, but let us modestly  
express the hope that the incorruptible thief may  
not be stealing from it any of its long-lived use-  
fulness and popularity.

#### Gallant Officers Wounded.

They fall around us thick and fast, the heroes  
of this fearful war, every drop of whose blood  
should count for more than torrents from the  
hiringling miscreants who invade our soil. Relia-  
ble intelligence has been received in Edgefield  
that Lieut. COL. THOMAS SHAW of the 19th S. C.  
Regt., MANIGUALTE Brigade, was severely wound-  
ed in one of the recent battles in middle Tennes-  
see. And that Capt. RUFUS DEAN, Inspector on  
Gen. MANIGUALTE'S staff, was at the same time  
and place, very severely wounded. Then these  
two sons of Edgefield there are none braver, more  
honorable, more devoted. God grant they may  
still be spared to their friends and country.

#### Christmas.

The year 1864 is well nigh gone. A few more  
days, and it will be but as a drop of water in the  
great ocean of eternity! To-day our mind is  
wandering—and sadly—among older and happier  
Christmas Days. Among those bright and beau-  
tiful days of "long syne," when we hailed the  
anniversary of the advent of our Lord Jesus  
Christ with triumphant songs; and  
decked our homes with garlands, and our hearts  
with gladness. When we filled our glasses high  
with generous wine, giving utterance the while to  
tender wishes, and pledging the names of those  
we loved best. Alas, alas! should we call the  
roll of those names to-day, how few who bore  
them would be on earth to answer!

This Christmas, the fires will burn low on our  
hearthstones, nor will we deck our homes—once  
so gay—with garlands; neither with boughs of  
mistletoe nor sprigs of holly. We are too sad to  
do so, seeing there is scarcely one such home  
from which some fondly cherished member will  
not be absent, either in camp or on the battle  
field, languishing in hospital—or sleeping in  
dreadful graves. But while our souls are deso-  
late and longing, let us see what our sad hearts  
can suggest, and our hands prepare, for the hap-  
piness and comfort of the *few* ones far away—  
or of those needy ones who may be nearer to us.

And although we shall not make this a "merry  
Christmas," yet, dear friends of the old Advertiser,  
it shall be, as it ever was, a season of good  
wishes. And would to God that we came under  
the Apostle JAMES'S description—"the prayer  
of the righteous man availeth much." In that  
case each and all of you should welcome in a  
year full of blessing, and fraught with peace;  
everything that obstructs or disturbs tranquility  
should be removed, and every happiness and plea-  
sure that frail humanity can taste, should be  
yours.

#### Deserters from Wheeler's Command.

On last Friday evening a party of about one  
hundred men, purporting to be a portion of Gen.  
WHEELER'S command and on their way to Ten-  
nessee to join Gen. FORREST, stopped at the Pine  
House, and called on Capt. BENJ. BARRIS for  
rations, demanding forty bushels corn, fifty  
pounds bacon and ten bushels potatoes, for which  
they gave Capt. B. an order on the Government.  
They camped near by—and during the night, a  
Company of the 6th Georgia (so we are informed)  
arrived in pursuit of the preceding party, who  
were nothing more or less than deserters. This  
Company charged the deserters' camp, and suc-  
ceeded in capturing some sixty of them, but  
about forty of the number effected their escape.  
On Saturday night some twenty-five of our citi-  
zens, well-armed, and under command of Col.  
JAS. B. GRIFFIN, just arrived home on  
the 21st, and reported that the above-  
mentioned party of deserters, were out of the  
country, and that the remainder of the re-  
maining party, were several days  
hunting for them.

#### Echo Answers: What!!?

What becomes of all the produce of the vari-  
ous distilleries set up for the purpose of making  
medicine for the government. Sick people tell  
us they get very little.

#### For the Advertiser.

#### A Card.

To my friends and fellow-citizens of Edgefield  
District:

My family having experienced at your hands,  
since the destruction of my residence and all its  
contents by fire, on the night of the 6th Dec.,  
the greatest kindness, friendship and considera-  
tion, I beg leave, in this public manner, for my-  
self and in their behalf, to tender to you my pro-  
found gratitude, and to assure you of the lasting  
remembrance in which I will cherish the generous  
sympathy and assistance afforded them since that  
unfortunate event.  
J. B. GRIFFIN.  
Dec. 27th, 1864.

The Marianna Fla. News learns that about  
150 of the negroes captured in a late Yankee raid,  
attempted to escape from Tennessee, having be-  
come tired of the treatment of their brutal mas-  
ters—the Yankees—and got far as East Pass,  
when, not having a pilot, and being ignorant of  
the route home, they got no further, and were re-  
turned by the enemy, who were several days  
hunting for them.

The auction sale in Wilmington the  
other day, of a girl fourteen  
years old

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Three beauties, each so fair.  
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And we, who've loved too well,  
Some earthly idol—who have heard,  
With breaking hearts, the knell  
That tolled their early doom—have learned  
Those flowers the soonest die  
Which are most sweet and beautiful—  
Oh! breaking heart, tell why.  
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For things so fair and frail;  
At the first touch of Autumn's breath,  
The roses petals pale;  
The buds are half their leaves unfold,  
By chilling winds are riven  
From the fond parent stem, but Oh!  
Thank God! to bloom in Heaven!  
Willie, our blue-eyed child, where  
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The winter wind goes howling by,  
And tears with fierce delight  
The Autumn leaves—to scatter them  
Alas! upon thy grave,  
Where love's last gift, pale winter flowers  
Above thee sadly wave.  
Thou wert the first to pass away,  
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Two fleeting summers thou didst glad  
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Her dark and sparkling eyes."  
The little heart so full of love,  
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And then another sacrifice  
We laid at Jesus' feet.  
Above her lifeless form we gasped:  
"This is enough, just God—  
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And still and cold she lies;  
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The coffin lid, that hid from sight  
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A gem of perfect loveliness  
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Had scarcely blown,  
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Was turned, our bright-eyed little Willie's face;  
Now in robes of white and silken gown,  
He sits, triumphant, in our Saviour's crown.  
Thou'st seen the parent bird return  
To find an empty nest;  
Hast heard the piercing cry that rings  
Forth from her aching breast;  
Ah! fancy then the mother's heart,  
When all her babes are gone;  
The father's agony, to think  
"Of all, death left me none."  
One month—one little month ago—  
No happier home than ours;  
Our hearts were filled with happiness,  
Our garden full of flowers.  
But Autumn, bearing Death's chill breath,  
Swopt o'er the blooming bed,  
And one by one the frail buds dropped,  
And one by one lay dead.  
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Sweet baby laughter gushed;  
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Three blighted buds! three new made graves!  
A darkened home at even,  
Morn, noon and night—but oh! blessed  
thought,  
Three Angels more in Heaven.  
ONE WHO LOVED THEM.  
Dec. 14th, 1864.

Three little buds were blossoming,  
Upon one parent stem,  
To mother's heart more precious far,  
Than brightest golden gem;  
Many the passer-by who paused  
To view those flowerets rare,  
And with admiring glances saw  
Three beauties, each so fair.  
They seemed too beautiful for earth,  
And we, who've loved too well,  
Some earthly idol—who have heard,  
With breaking hearts, the knell  
That tolled their early doom—have learned  
Those flowers the soonest die  
Which are most sweet and beautiful—  
Oh! breaking heart, tell why.  
This earth's too full of cruel thorns,  
For things so fair and frail;  
At the first touch of Autumn's breath,  
The roses petals pale;  
The buds are half their leaves unfold,  
By chilling winds are riven  
From the fond parent stem, but Oh!  
Thank God! to bloom in Heaven!  
Willie, our blue-eyed child, where  
Art thou, that bleak old night?  
The winter wind goes howling by,  
And tears with fierce delight  
The Autumn leaves—to scatter them  
Alas! upon thy grave,  
Where love's last gift, pale winter flowers  
Above thee sadly wave.  
Thou wert the first to pass away,  
Our meek-eyed fair-haired boy;  
We buried in thy early grave  
Much of life's hope and joy.  
Two fleeting summers thou didst glad  
Our home with laugh and song;  
Some day we'll clasp thee once again,  
Oh! may it not be long.  
Ere yet the hand of time had dried  
The better falling tear  
That fell for thee—we stood around  
Our Mamie's early bier.  
A few short hours in silent grief,  
We stood beside her bed;  
To catch each flickering breath—and then  
We knew our Darling dead!  
So gently ebb'd her life away,  
We scarce believed the error  
Of those who said: "The death-strands  
Her dark and sparkling eyes."  
The little heart so full of love,  
Trabbed faint, then ceased to beat;  
And then another sacrifice  
We laid at Jesus' feet.  
Above her lifeless form we gasped:  
"This is enough, just God—  
Our darling Willie sleeps beneath  
The ice-cold winter's sod;  
And lovely Mamie too how pale  
And still and cold she lies;  
Be satisfied, oh plying God,  
With this last sacrifice.  
But oh! how vain the anguish prayer,  
They who have stood above  
The coffin lid, that hid from sight  
Their air of earthly love,  
Alone can tell, with quivering lips,  
Ere one short month had fled,  
Death claimed sweet little Willie too—  
Now all sleep with the dead.  
Lovely Willie! Death has set its signet on thy  
precious brow—  
Oh! who can tell the father's grief, the mother's  
woe?  
Our Willie, dear, that little form so pure, so bright,  
Now shines forever in celestial light.  
Fair Mamie! Your father's pride, your mother's  
joy—  
Oh! can it be that we shall hear thy sweet voice  
no more?  
Those winning smiles—her gentleness—  
Our love we did adore;  
In childhood's innocence she lived  
Around our hearts so even—  
A gem of perfect loveliness  
Transferred from earth to shine in Heaven.  
Precious Willie!—the little bud—  
Had scarcely blown,  
When to his Saviour's sweet embrace,  
Was turned, our bright-eyed little Willie's face;  
Now in robes of white and silken gown,  
He sits, triumphant, in our Saviour's crown.  
Thou'st seen the parent bird return  
To find an empty nest;  
Hast heard the piercing cry that rings  
Forth from her aching breast;  
Ah! fancy then the mother's heart,  
When all her babes are gone;  
The father's agony, to think  
"Of all, death left me none."  
One month—one little month ago—  
No happier home than ours;  
Our hearts were filled with happiness,  
Our garden full of flowers.  
But Autumn, bearing Death's chill breath,  
Swopt o'er the blooming bed,  
And one by one the frail buds dropped,  
And one by one lay dead.  
Now desolation reigns where once  
Sweet baby laughter gushed;  
Those patterling feet are silent now—  
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Two fleeting summers thou didst glad  
Our home with laugh and song;  
Some day we'll clasp thee once again,  
Oh! may it not be long.  
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